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COACHING-DAYS.

THE old stagecoaches, having served their day and generation, are now a thing of the past, save such as are used for pleasure by societies like the Coaching Club. The relics of these bygone days are to be found in roomy inns, with their broad gates, their commodious yards, and extensive stabling, which have been rendered comparatively useless and deserted by the diversion of the traffic that maintained them. Our fathers and grandfathers can yet interest us by relating stories of their experiences in the old slow coaches with six inside, the improved fast coaches and flying machines running twelve miles per hour with four inside passengers; or the crawling, lumbering stage-wagon, which carried merchandise and the poorer passengers, and which was considered to have travelled quickly if it rolled over four miles of road per hour.

Previous to the introduction of coaches, journeys were performed on horseback or by postchaise, and goods were carried on packhorses. Stow says that the Earl of Arundel introduced coaches into England about 1580; but some give the honour to Boonen, a Dutchman, who is said to have used this class of vehicle so early as 1564. These coaches, however, were for private use, and it was not until 1625 that they were let for hire at the principal inns. In 1637, there were fifty hackney-coaches in London and Westminster, and soon after, stagecoaches came into general use. Here is a copy of an old coachbill of that date: 'YORK FOUR DAYES.—Stagecoach begins on Monday, the 18th of March 1678. All that are desirous to pass from London to York, or return from York to London, or any other place on that road, let them repair to the *Black Swan* in Holborn in London, and the *Black Swan* in Cony Street in York. At both which places they may be received in a stagecoach every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, which performs the whole journey in Four Days (if God permit) and sets forth by Six in the Morning. And returns from York to Doncaster in a Forenoon;

to Newark, in a Day and a Half; to Stamford, in Two Days; and from Stamford to London, in Two Days more.'

Nearly one hundred years after, the coaches were called 'machines,' and the fast ones, 'flying machines;' while, to continue the metaphor, one man thus advertises his coach—'Pruen's Machine will begin flying as follows: Hereford Machine, in a day and a half, twice a week, sets out from the *Redstreak-tree Inn* in Hereford, Tuesday and Thursday mornings, at 7 o'clock; and from the *Swan with Two Necks*, Lad Lane, London, every Monday and Wednesday evenings. Insides £1. Outsides, half-price. Jan. 5, 1775.'

During these palmy days, they had not the good macadamised roads that we now enjoy. In winter, the roads were often so bad that the coaches could not run, but were laid up, like ships during an arctic frost. If the roads were defined at all, it was most frequently by ditches, into which many a luckless outsider has been thrown by the numerous coach accidents of the period. In many places, there was no road boundary at all, for we read that Ralph Thoresby the antiquary lost his way between York and Doncaster; and the diarist Pepys between Newbury and Reading. A writer in 1770 thus speaks of the Lancashire roads: 'I know not, in the whole range of language, terms sufficiently expressive to describe this awful road. Let me most seriously caution all travellers who may accidentally propose to travel this terrible country, to avoid it as they would a pestilence; for a thousand to one they break their necks or their limbs by overthrows or breakings-down, as they will here meet with ruts, which I actually measured, four feet deep, and floating with mud, in summer-time.'

Besides the dangers of bad roads, the drivers did not render life, limb, and property any more secure by the furious driving which opposition coaches inspired. As in rival ocean steamers, competition led to a speed not compatible with safety. In Driffield (East Yorkshire) churchyard there is a tombstone to the memory

of the guard of a coach who was killed by the coach being overturned; and the way in which the local newspaper speaks of the accident, leads you to believe there had been racing between it and another coach. Richard Wood, of the *Reindeer and Ram Inns*, High Street, Doncaster, in his advertisements, says that his coaches are the best—the horses keep good time—and no racing.

These days were the days of highwaymen and footpads. Lady Walpole in her Letters relates how she and Lady Browne were robbed of their purses, when going to the Duchess of Montrose. 'After the thief had gone, Lady Browne was most fearful lest he should return and wreak vengeance; "for," said she, "I always prepare for such-like people, and carry an old purse filled with bad money, which I give them, and so save my good money." Her fears were groundless, however, for we reached our journey's end without further mishap.' These highwaymen were a source of great danger and trouble to coach-travellers, in spite of precautions to guard against them. A post-office notice issued in York, October 30, 1786, says with regard to the mailcoach passengers: 'Ladies and gentlemen may depend on every care and attention being paid to their safety. They will be guarded all the way by His Majesty's servants, and on dark nights, a postillion will ride on one of the leaders.' There is also a note to the effect that the guard was well armed.

During very wet weather and on low-lying roads, it was most unpleasant to drive through deep water; while, to add one misfortune to another, the trace might break or something else give way; and the mishap must be mended before we could get on to dry land. The writer has heard of the water over the axle-trees; and on one occasion it ran into the coach, and all but set afloat two old ladies who were inside. Their dismay may be easily imagined, and their supplications to the coachman to stop were quite affecting. Those on the outside were nearly as much to be pitied; for it had rained without ceasing all day—that kind of pitiless rain which comes down straight in solid stripes, like the water from a shower-bath, which in nautical language goes by the appellation of 'raining marlin-spikes with their points downwards.' The only difference between the outsiders and the old ladies being, that while they got it from below, the outsiders got it from above.

A good story has been told of four young undergraduates who had taken the four inside seats of the Oxford coach 'Defiance.' Just as the coach was about to start, a very pretty girl came up, attended by her grandfather, and asked if she could have an inside seat. As all the seats were occupied, the guard was unable to grant her request; but the young gentlemen inside vowed they would bear any amount of crushing and discomfort for her sake. The fare was paid, and she gently handed in her grandfather, saying: 'Mind you thank the young gentlemen, grandpa!' The feelings of the young gallants can be better imagined than described;

but the coach drove off amid a general chorus of anger and dismay.

A gentleman-coachman gives the following incident: 'In or about November 1834, I got upon the "Albion" coach, which ran from Birkenhead to London. There was no one on the box, a most unusual thing, so I got by the side of the coachman. "I suppose you know what kind of a load we've got, sir?" said he. "No," I answered; "they look a queer lot! What are they?"—"Why," said he, "they're all jail-birds." "Where are they going?" said I.—"Why, to Botany Bay; and I wish they were there now, for they are inclined to give some trouble, and would do if they had not got 'ruffles' on; but they're pretty safe, I think." They had two turnkeys with them; and there was no one else on the coach but these worthies, their keepers, myself, coachman, and guard. I left the coach at Wolverhampton, and a lucky thing for me it was; for, before reaching Walsall, the horses shied at some sparks flying across the road from a blacksmith's shop, bolted, ran against a post, and upset the coach. No one was killed; but the coachman ultimately died of the injuries then received. During the confusion caused by the accident, and whilst another coach and coachman were being got ready to take them on, some of the convicts contrived to get files and other implements, and by these means put their handcuffs into such condition that they could slip them whenever they chose to do so. At a given signal they freed themselves, sprang upon and overpowered their keepers, guard, and coachman, handcuffed them, cut the traces, let loose the horses, and decamped. The greater number of them were, however, recaptured.'

With what ease, rapidity, and comfort we now perform our journeys, is best shown by contrast with the way in which our grandfathers thought wonders were performed. On a cold day in winter, your hands were frozen, your feet were frozen, your very mouth felt frozen; and, in fact, you felt frozen all over. Sometimes, with all this cold, you were also wet through—your hat wet through; your coat wet through; the large wrapper that was meant to keep your neck warm and dry, wet through; and you felt wet through to your very bones. Only twenty minutes was allowed for dinner; and by the time you had got your hands warm enough to be able to untie your neck-wrapper, and had got out of your greatcoat, which, being wet, clung most tenaciously to you, the time for dinner was half-gone. Before you had eaten one quarter of what you could have consumed, if your mouth had been in eating trim, and if your hands had been warm enough to handle your knife and fork, the coachman would put in his head and say: 'Now, gentlemen, if you please; the coach is ready.' After this summons, having struggled into your wet greatcoat, bound your miserable wet wrapper round your miserably cold neck, having paid your half-crown for the dinner you had the will but not the time to eat, with sixpence for the waiter, you wished your worthy host good-bye, grudging him the half-crown he had pocketed for your miserable dinner. You then again mounted your seat, to be rained and snowed on, and almost frozen to death before you reached your journey's end.

The following is from *Notes and Queries*, August 1856: 'There being persons who seriously lament the good old time of coaches, when they could travel leisurely and securely, see the country, and converse with the natives, it may be well to register some of the miseries before they are altogether effaced from the memory.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

It is certainly not desirable that the good of coaches should be interred with their bones; neither is it by any means to be wished that the evil should entirely cease to live after them, so as to render us indifferent, and thankless, and insensible to the superior advantages of modern locomotion. (1) Although your place has been contingently secured days before, and you have risen with the lark, yet you see the ponderous vehicle arrive full, full, full; and this, not unlikely, more than once. (2) At the end of a stage, beholding the four panting, reeking, foamy animals, which have dragged you twelve miles; and the stiff, galled, scraggy relay, crawling and limping out of the yard. (3) Being politely requested, at the foot of a tremendous hill, to ease the horses, by getting out and walking. (4) An outside passenger resolving to endure no longer the pelting of the pitiless storm, takes refuge inside, to your consternation, with dripping hat, saturated cloak, and soaked umbrella. (5) Set down with a promiscuous party to a meal, bearing no resemblance to that of a good hotel save in the charge; and no time to enjoy it. (6) Closely packed in the coach, "cabinéd, cribbed, confined" with five companions morally or physically obnoxious, for two or three comfortless days and nights. (7) During a halt, overhearing the coarse language of the hostlers and tipplers at the roadside pothouse; and besieged by beggars exposing their mutilations. (8) Roused from your nocturnal slumber by the horn or bugle, the lashing and cracking of whip, a search for parcels under your seat, and solicitous drivers. (9) Discovering at a diverging point in your journey that the other coach you wished to take runs only every other day, or has finally stopped. (10) Clambering from the wheel to your elevated seat by various iron projections. (11) After threading the narrowest streets of an ancient town, entering the innyard by a low gateway, requiring great care to escape decapitation. (12) Seeing the luggage piled up "Olympus high," so as to occasion an alarming oscillation. (13) Having the reins and whip placed in your unpractised hands, while coachee indulges in a glass and a chat. (14) When dangling at the extremity of a seat, overcome with drowsiness. (15) Exposed to piercing draughts, owing to a refractory glass; or, *vice versa*, being in a minority, you are compelled, for the sake of ventilation, to thrust your umbrella accidentally through a pane. (16) At various seasons, suffocated with dust and broiled by a powerful sun; or cowering under an umbrella in a drenching rain; or petrified by cold; or torn by fierce winds; or struggling through snow; or wending your way through perilous floods. (17) Perceiving that a young squire is receiving an initiatory practical lesson in the art of driving, or that a jibing horse or a race with an opposition coach

is endangering your existence. (18) Losing the enjoyment or employment of much precious time, not only on the road but also from consequent fatigue. (19) Interrupted before the termination of your hurried meal by your two rough-coated, big-buttoned, many-caped friends, the coachman and guard, who hope you will remember them.'

No doubt these olden times had their delights as well as discomforts, and old coachmen still speak enthusiastically of the charm of a bright moonlight night in summer-time, in which, not marred by the beat of the horses' feet or the rumble of the wheels, you heard sounds, saw sights, and felt conscious of perfumes that are unknown to railway travellers. Yes, though many may greatly regret that steam has superseded horse-flesh, that the grimy engine-driver and stoker have displaced the coachman, that the discordant, screeching whistle is heard instead of the long mellow horn, the balance is in our favour, in spite of all the annoyances to which we are subjected by the stupidity and carelessness of railway officials, or by the red-tapeism and apparent indifference of railway directors.

IN ALL SHADES.

CHAPTER XXVII.

On the morning when Harry Noel was to arrive in Trinidad, Mr Dupuy and Edward Hawthorn both came down early to the landing-stage to await the steamer. Mr Dupuy condescended to nod in a distant manner to the young judge—he had never forgiven him that monstrous decision in the case of Delgado *versus* Dupuy—and to ask chillily whether he was expecting friends from England.

'No,' Edward Hawthorn answered with a bow as cold as Mr Dupuy's own. 'I have come down to meet an old English friend of mine, a Mr Noel, whom I knew very well at Cambridge and in London, but who's coming at present only from Barbadoes.'

Mr Dupuy astutely held his tongue. *Noblesse* did not so far impose upon him as to oblige him to confess that it was Harry Noel he, too, had come down in search of. But as soon as the steamer was well alongside, Mr Dupuy, in his stately, slow, West Indian manner, sailed ponderously down the special gangway, and asked a steward at once to point out to him which of the passengers was Mr Noel.

Harry Noel, when he received Mr Dupuy's pressing invitation, was naturally charmed at the prospect of thus being quartered under the same roof with pretty little Nora. Had he known the whole circumstances of the case, indeed, his native good feeling would, of course, have prompted him to go to the Hawthorns'; but Edward had been restrained by a certain sense of false shame from writing the whole truth about this petty local race prejudice to his friend in England; and so Harry jumped at once at the idea of being so comfortably received into the very house of which he so greatly desired to become an inmate. 'You're very good, I'm sure,' he answered in his off-hand manner to the old planter. 'Upon my word,

I never met anything in my life to equal your open-hearted West Indian hospitality. Wherever one goes, one's uniformly met with open arms. I shall be delighted, Mr Dupuy, to put up at your place—Orange Grove, I think you call it—ah, exactly—if you'll kindly permit me.—Here, you fellow, go down below, will you, and ask for my luggage.'

Edward Hawthorn was a minute or two too late. Harry came forward eagerly, in the old friendly fashion, to grasp his hand with a hard grip, but explained to him with a look, which Edward immediately understood, that Orange Grove succeeded in offering him superior attractions even to Mulberry. So the very next day found Nora and Harry Noel seated together at lunch at Mr Dupuy's well-loaded table; while Tom Dupuy, who had actually stolen an hour or two from his beloved canes, dropped in casually to take stock of this new possible rival, as he half suspected the gay young Englishman would turn out to be. From the first moment that their eyes met, Tom Dupuy conceived an immediate dislike and distrust for Harry Noel. What did he want coming here to Trinidad? Tom wondered: a fine-spoken, stuck-up, easy-going, haw-haw Londoner, of the sort that your true-born colonist hates and detests with all the force of his good-hater's nature. Harry irritated him immensely by his natural superiority: a man of Tom Dupuy's type can forgive anything in any other man except higher intelligence and better breeding. Those are qualities for which he feels a profound contempt, not unmingled with hatred, envy, malice, and all uncharitable-ness. So, as soon as Nora had risen from the table and the men were left alone, West Indian fashion, to their afternoon cigar and cup of coffee, Tom Dupuy began to open fire at once on Harry about his precious coloured friends the Hawthorns at Mulberry.

'So you've come across partly to see that new man at the Westmoreland District Court, have you?' he said sneeringly. 'Well, I daresay he was considered fit company for gentlemen over in England, Mr Noel—people seem to have very queer ideas about what's a gentleman and what's not, over in England—but though I didn't like to speak about it before Nora, seeing that they're friends of hers, I think I ought to warn you beforehand that you mustn't have too much to say to them if you want to get on out here in Trinidad. People here are a trifle particular about their company.'

Harry looked across curiously at the young planter, leaning back in awkward fashion with legs outstretched and half turned away from the table, as he sipped his coffee, and answered quietly, with some little surprise: 'Why, yes, Mr Dupuy, I think our English idea of what constitutes a gentleman does differ slightly in some respects from the one I find current out here in the West Indies. I knew Hawthorn intimately for several years at Cambridge and in London, and the more I knew of him the better I liked him and the more I respected him. He's a little bit too radical for me, I confess, and a little bit too learned as well; but in every other way, I can't imagine what possible objection you can bring against him.'

Tom Dupuy smiled an ugly smile, and gazed

hard at Harry Noel's dark and handsome face and features. 'Well,' he said slowly, a malevolent light gleaming hastily from his heavy eyes, 'we West Indians may be prejudiced; they say we are; but still, we're not fond somehow of making too free with a pack of niggers. Now, I don't say your friend Hawthorn's exactly a nigger outside, to look at: he isn't: he's managed to hide the outer show of his colour finely. I've seen a good many regular white people, or what passed for white people—and here he glanced significantly at the fine-spoken Londoner's dark fingers, toying easily with the amber mouth-piece of his dainty cigar-holder—who were a good many shades darker in the skin than this fellow Hawthorn, for all they thought themselves such very grand gentlemen. Some of 'em may be coloured, and some of 'em mayn't: there's no knowing, when once you get across to England; for people there have no proper pride of race, I understand, and would marry a coloured girl, if she happened to have money, as soon as look at her. But this fellow Hawthorn, though he seems externally as white as you do—and a great deal whiter too, by Jove—is well known out here to be nothing but a coloured person, as his father and his mother were before him.'

Harry Noel puffed out a long stream of white smoke as he answered carelessly: 'Ah, I daresay he is, if what you mean is just that he's got some remote sort of negro tinge somewhere about him—though he doesn't look it; but I expect almost all the old West Indian families, you know, must have intermarried long ago, when English ladies were rare in the colonies, with pretty half-castes.'

Quite unwittingly, the young Englishman had trodden at once on the very tenderest and dearest corn of his proud and unbending West Indian entertainers. Pride of blood is the one form of pride that they thoroughly understand and sympathise with; and this remote hint of a possible (and probable) distant past when the purity of the white race was not quite so efficiently guaranteed as it is nowadays, roused both the fiery Dupuys immediately to a white-heat of indignation.

'Sir,' Mr Theodore Dupuy said stiffly, 'you evidently don't understand the way in which we regard these questions out here in the colonies, and especially in Trinidad. There is one thing which your English parliament has not taken from us, and can never take from us; and that is the pure European blood which flows unsullied in all our veins, nowhere polluted by the faintest taint of a vile African intermixture.'

'Certainly,' Mr Tom Dupuy echoed angrily, 'if you want to call us niggers, you'd better call us niggers outright, and not be afraid of it.'

'Upon my word,' Harry Noel answered with an apologetic smile, 'I hadn't the least intention, my dear sir, of seeming to hint anything against the purity of blood in West Indians generally; I only meant, that if my friend Hawthorn—who is really a very good fellow and a perfect gentleman—does happen to have a little distant infusion of negro blood in him, it doesn't seem to me to matter much to any of us nowadays. It must be awfully little—a mere nothing, you

know; just the amount one would naturally expect if his people had intermarried once with half-castes a great many generations ago. I was only standing up for my friend, you see.—Surely,' turning to Tom, who still glared at him like a wild beast aroused, 'a man ought to stand up for his friends when he hears them ill spoken of.'

'Oh, quite so,' Mr Theodore Dupuy replied, in a mollified voice. 'Of course, if Mr Hawthorn's a friend of yours, and you choose to stand by him here, in spite of his natural disabilities, on the ground that you happened to know him over in England—where, I believe, he concealed the fact of his being coloured—and you don't like now to turn your back upon him, why, naturally, that's very honourable of you, very honourable.—Tom, my dear boy, we must both admit that Mr Noel is acting very honourably. And, indeed, we can't expect people brought up wholly in England'—Mr Dupuy dwelt softly upon this fatal disqualification, as though aware that Harry must be rather ashamed of it—'to feel upon these points exactly as we do, who have a better knowledge and insight into the negro blood and the negro character.'

'Certainly not,' Tom Dupuy continued maliciously. 'People in England don't understand these things at all as we do.—Why, Mr Noel, you mayn't be aware of it, but even among the highest English aristocracy there are an awful lot of regular coloured people, out-and-out mulattoes. West Indian heiresses in the old days used to go home—brown girls, or at anyrate young women with a touch of the tar-brush—daughters of governors and so forth, on the wrong side of the house—you understand'—Mr Tom Dupuy accompanied these last words with an upward and backward jerk of his left thumb, supplemented by a peculiarly ugly grimace, intended to be facetious—the sort of trash no decent young fellow over here would have so much as touched with a pair of tongs (in the way of marrying 'em, I mean); and when they got across to England, were snapped up at once by dukes and marquises, whose descendants, after all, though they may be lords, are really nothing better, you see, than common brown people!'

He spoke snappishly, but Harry only looked across at him in mild wonder. On the calm and unquestioning pride of a Lincolnshire Noel, remarks such as these fell flat and pointless. If a Noel had chosen to marry a kitchen-maid, according to their simple old-fashioned faith, he would have ennobled her at once, and lifted her up into his own exalted sphere of life and action. Her children after her would have been Lincolnshire Noels, the equals of any duke or marquis in the United Kingdom. So Harry only smiled benignly, and answered in his easy off-hand manner: 'By Jove, I shouldn't wonder at all if that were really the case now. One reads in Thackeray, you know, so much about the wealthy West Indian heiresses, with suspiciously curly hair, who used to swarm in London in the old slavery days. But of course, Mr Dupuy, it's a well-known fact that all our good families have been awfully recruited by actresses and so forth. I believe some statistical fellow or other

has written a book to show that if it weren't for the actresses, the peerage and baronetage would all have died out long ago, of pure inanition. I daresay the West Indian heiresses, with the frizzy hair, helped to fulfil the same good and useful purpose, by bringing an infusion of fresh blood every now and then into our old families.' And Harry ran his hand carelessly through his own copious curling black locks, in perfect unconsciousness of the absurdly malapropos nature of that instinctive action at that particular moment. His calm sense of utter superiority—that innate belief so difficult to shake, even on the most rational grounds, in most well-born and well-bred Englishmen—kept him even from suspecting the real drift of Tom Dupuy's reiterated innuendoes.

'You came out to Barbadoes to look after some property of your father's, I believe?' Mr Dupuy put in, anxious to turn the current of the conversation from this very dangerous and fitful channel.

'I did,' Harry Noel answered unconcernedly. 'My father's, or rather my mother's. Her people have property there. We're connected with Barbadoes, indeed. My mother's family were Barbadian planters.'

At the word, Tom Dupuy almost jumped from his seat and brought his fist down heavily upon the groaning table. 'They were?' he cried inquiringly. 'Barbadian planters? You don't mean to say, then, Mr Noel, that some of your own people were really and truly born West Indians?'

'Why on earth should he want to get so very excited about it?' Harry Noel thought to himself hastily. 'What on earth can it matter to him whether my people were Barbadian planters or Billingsgate fishmongers?'—'Yes, certainly, they were,' he went on to Tom Dupuy with a placid smile of quiet amusement. 'Though my mother was never in the island herself from the time she was a baby, I believe, still all her family were born and bred there, for some generations.—But why do you ask me? Did you know anything of her people—the Budleighs of the Wilderness?'

'No, no; I didn't know anything of them,' Tom Dupuy replied hurriedly, with a curious glance sideways at his uncle.—'But, 'pon my honour, Uncle Theodore, it's really a very singular thing, now one comes to think of it, that Mr Noel should happen to come himself, too, from a West Indian family.'

As Harry Noel happened that moment to be lifting his cup of coffee to his lips, he didn't notice that Tom Dupuy was pointing most significantly to his own knuckles, and signalling to his uncle, with eyes and fingers, to observe Harry's. And if he had, it isn't probable that a Lincolnshire Noel would even have suspected the hidden meaning of those strange and odd-looking monkey-like antics.

By-and-by, Harry rose from the table carelessly, and asked in a casual way whether Mr Dupuy would kindly excuse him; he wanted to go and pay a call which he felt he really mustn't defer beyond the second day from his arrival in Trinidad.

'You'll take a mount?' Mr Dupuy inquired hospitably. 'You know, we never dream of

walking out in these regions. All the horses in my stable are entirely at your disposal. How far did you propose going, Mr Noel? A letter of introduction you wish to deliver, I suppose, to the governor or somebody?'

Harry paused and hesitated for a second. Then he answered as politely as he was able: 'No, not exactly a letter of introduction. I feel I mustn't let the day pass without having paid my respects as early as possible to Mrs Hawthorn.'

Tom Dupuy nudged his uncle; but the elder planter had too much good manners to make any reply save to remark that one of his niggers would be ready to show Mr Noel the way to the district judge's—ah—dwelling-place at Mulberry.

As soon as Harry's back was turned, however, Mr Tom Dupuy sank back incontinently on the dining-room sofa and exploded in a loud burst of boisterous laughter.

'My dear Tom,' Mr Theodore Dupuy interposed nervously, 'what on earth are you doing? Young Noel will certainly overhear you. Upon my word, though I can't say I agree with all the young fellow's English sentiments, I really don't see that there's anything in particular to laugh at in him. He seems to me a very gentlemanly, well-bred, intelligent—Why, goodness gracious, Tom, what has come over you so suddenly? You look for all the world as if you were positively going to kill yourself outright with laughing about nothing!'

Mr Tom Dupuy removed his handkerchief hastily from his mouth, and with an immense effort to restrain his merriment, exclaimed in a low suppressed voice: 'Why, now, Uncle Theodore, do you mean to tell me you don't see the whole joke! you don't understand the full absurdity of the situation!'

Mr Dupuy gazed back at him blankly. 'No more than I understand why on earth you are making such a confounded fool of yourself now,' he answered contemptuously.

Tom Dupuy calmed himself slowly with a terrific effort, and blurted out at last, in a mysterious undertone: 'Why, the point of it is, don't you see, Uncle Theodore, the fellow's a coloured man himself, as sure as ever you and I are standing here this minute!'

A light burst in upon Mr Dupuy's benighted understanding with extraordinary rapidity. 'He is!' he cried, clapping his hand to his forehead hurriedly in the intense excitement of a profoundly important discovery. 'He is, he is! There can't be a doubt about it! Baronet or no baronet, as sure as fate, Tom, my boy, that man's a regular brown man!'

'I knew he was,' Tom Dupuy replied exultantly, 'the very moment I first set eyes upon that ugly head of his! I was sure he was a nigger as soon as I looked at him! I suspected it at once from his eyes and his knuckles. But when he told me his mother was a Barbadian woman—why, then, I knew, as sure as fate, it was all up with him.'

'You're quite right, quite right, Tom; I haven't a doubt about it,' Mr Theodore Dupuy continued helplessly, wringing his hands before him in bewilderment and horror. 'And the worst of it is I have asked him to stop here

as long as he's in Trinidad! What a terrible thing if it were to get about over the whole island that I've asked a brown man to come and stop for an indefinite period under the same roof with your cousin Nora!'

Tom Dupuy was not wanting in chivalrous magnanimity. He leaned back on the sofa and screwed his mouth up for a moment with a comical expression; then he answered slowly: 'It's a very serious thing, of course, to accuse a man offhand of being a nigger. We mustn't condemn him unheard or without evidence. We must try to find out all we can about his family. Luckily, he's given us the clue himself. He said his mother was a Barbadian woman—a Budleigh of the Wilderness. We'll track him down. I've made a mental note of it!'

Just at that moment, Nora walked quietly into the dining-room to ask the gentlemen whether they meant to go for a ride by-and-by in the cool of the evening. 'For if you do, papa,' she said in explanation, 'you know you must send for Nita to the pasture, for Mr Noel will want a horse, and you're too heavy for any but the cob, so you'll have to get up Nita for Mr Noel.'

Tom Dupuy glanced at her suspiciously. 'I suppose since your last particular friend fell over the gully that night at Banana Garden,' he said hastily, 'you'll be picking up next with a new favourite in this fine-spoken, new-fangled, haw-haw, English fellow!'

Nora looked back at him haughtily and defiantly. 'Tom Dupuy,' she answered with a curl of her lip (she always addressed him by both names together), 'you are quite mistaken—utterly mistaken. I don't feel in the least prepossessed by Mr Noel's personal appearance.'

'Why not? Why not?' Tom inquired eagerly. 'I don't know by what right you venture to cross-question me about such a matter; but as you ask me, I don't mind answering you. Mr Noel is a shade or two too dark by far ever to take my own fancy.'

Tom whistled low to himself and gave a little start. 'By Jove,' he said, half aloud and half to himself, 'that was a Dupuy that spoke that time, certainly. After all, the girl's got some proper pride still left in her. She doesn't want to marry him, *although* he's a brown man. I always thought myself, as a mere matter of taste, she positively preferred these woolly-headed mulattoes!'

JOHN HULLAH.

IN 1870, when Mrs John Hullah was canvassing on behalf of Miss Garrett, M.D., then a candidate for the London School Board, several persons suggested that Mrs Hullah herself should have been proposed—'For it's a name that ought to be on the Board.' That the name of Hullah must at one time have been a household word might be gathered from Lord Wharnccliffe's statement in the House of Lords, that between the end of 1841 and July 1842, fifty thousand persons were enlisted as musical students under the superintendence of Mr Hullah and his pupils. Very early in life, Mr Hullah's thoughts had been occupied with the great problem of popularising the noble and refining art of music, and

this problem it was his life's labour to deal with, bringing to the task considerable wisdom and culture, magnificent patience, and generous enthusiasm. At a time when musical culture was very limited indeed, Hullah stood forward to proclaim that this evil was readily curable, that almost any child might learn to sing on scientific principles, so as to be able to pursue the study after leaving school, and that music deserved to be dealt with systematically, instead of being treated as a mere 'relaxation from severer studies.' As showing how these ideas were promoted during a long and busy career, the *Life of John Hullah*, now published by his widow (London: Longmans), and including a few pages of autobiography, will be welcome not only to musicians but to social reformers, and all who have any respect for the pioneers of progress.

On the authority of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, Mr Hullah informs us that he first saw the light in the city of Worcester, on the 27th of June 1812. In a private school, he received a remarkably good education in English literature, but apparently in nothing else; and his future career was still an open question, when it was suggested, by a musical family very intimate with the Hullahs, that John should be trained to the profession of music. Accordingly, he became a pupil of William Horsley, the celebrated glee-writer. At the age of seventeen or eighteen, Hullah himself ventured on the composition of a glee; and in 1833, he became a student at the Royal Academy of Music, then possessing, in his opinion, a reputation which it has never exceeded. Here, among his fellow-students, he met Miss Fanny Dickens, sister of the novelist, and shortly afterwards he appears to have become intimately acquainted with Charles Dickens himself. Mr Hullah's first marriage took place on December 20, 1838; and early in the following year, the idea of a popular method of teaching singing began to engage his attention. He went to Paris to observe the method of M. Wilhem, and soon afterwards began teaching on a small scale at the Normal School at Battersea. Through Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, the sympathy of many influential persons was secured, and Hullah awoke to find himself famous. All classes from royalty downward were eager for information as to the new method. Lectures were required in all parts of the country; and owing probably to Mr Hullah's own enthusiasm, very many of his pupils became teachers.

In 1844, Hullah became Professor of Music at King's College, London, an office which he filled with acceptance for thirty years. He held similar appointments at Bedford College and Queen's College, two well-known schools for girls; and, indeed, was associated with F. D. Maurice in the founding of the latter institution.

The erection of St Martin's Hall, the scene of his most public labours, was an enterprise entered upon by him with characteristic light-heartedness. 'To the work carried out in St Martin's Hall,' says Mrs Hullah, 'is undoubtedly traceable the present all but universal study of music by every class in England; but it may certainly be said that for the chief director of that early

movement, splendidly as he was supported and encouraged by his immediate friends, the results were ruinous in every way.' In this costly building he took up his residence, in order to be near the scene of his classes and concerts, and for more than fourteen years he carried on a severe struggle for the cause which lay so near his heart. In 1861, when the Hall was destroyed by fire, and 'Mr Hullah, now past his prime, stood a ruined man in the midst of a large family,' a host of influential friends—including Charles Dickens, Henry Chorley, Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth, Sir Arthur Helps, and Mr (now Lord) Coleridge—rallied round him, and gave him a new start in life.

In 1861, Hullah published his *Royal Institution Lectures on The History of Modern Music*, a work which met with a cordial reception, and has since been translated into Italian by Alberto Visetti. Hullah's failure in 1865 to gain the appointment of Professor of Music at Edinburgh was apparently as crushing as any misfortune could be to so buoyant a nature. There was scarcely a spot in the world which he would have chosen for his home in preference to Edinburgh. His lectures at the Philosophical Institution and his numerous concerts had made him well known there, and gained him many warm friends, who apparently encouraged him to suppose that his election was certain. There can be no doubt that he would have been a brilliant professor and an honour to the university; for he was a man of wide culture and boundless enthusiasm for his art. That 'capacity for general appreciation,' which he pointed to in Mendelssohn, was very properly cited by a friend as the striking feature in Hullah's own character. Natural scenery, poetry, painting, and especially architecture, all found in him a thoughtful appreciation.

But admirably as he was fitted for such a professorship, perhaps the post which he received in 1872 of government Inspector of Music was even more suited to call forth his best talents and energies. His great objects were, firstly, to abolish singing by ear; and secondly, to encourage the formation of mixed choirs. He wished women to have more systematic training in choirs, so as to supersede the passionless soprano of boys and the falsetto counter-tenor of men. What he did towards the promotion of a scientific method of singing, may be judged from the fact, that during nine years, he examined sixteen thousand male and female students who expected to become teachers, and in that case would probably give their pupils the benefit of his system. His official position brought him into delicate relations with the advocates of other singing methods, but although of course we find occasional depreciatory remarks, his tone is generally very fair. Referring to the tonic sol-fa system, he went so far on one occasion as to recommend the government to refuse their sanction to 'a notation or alphabet absolutely unknown out of Great Britain, the closest acquaintance with which fails to enable its possessors to read music as it is written by musicians.' This seems at first sight inconsistent with his repeated depreciation of 'any attempt to enforce on the musical instructors in training-schools directly or indirectly the adoption of any particular method of instruction, books, or exercises whatever;' but possibly his meaning was that

the tonic sol-faists, however their course might begin, should ultimately include in it a knowledge of the old notation—a provision to which they could not possibly object.

As a composer, Hullah attained no great distinction. In 1836, *The Village Coquettes*—an opera for which Charles Dickens supplied the libretto, and Hullah the music—was very successfully produced at the St James's Theatre, where it ran for sixty nights. It was also played in Edinburgh under the management of Mr Ramsay. Charles Kingsley praised very highly Hullah's setting of *The Three Fishers*, a song which is still met with in concert programmes. Among his other songs, which, as Mrs Hullah mentions, generally reflected his sadder moods, *The Storm* and *The Sands of Dee* are probably the best known.

Mrs Hullah has wisely restricted herself to a bare outline of her husband's lifework, thus bringing her book within reach of his many pupils and admirers. Had a larger scope been permissible, a most interesting volume might have been produced consisting of reminiscences of his distinguished friends. We should have had a peep at the genial author of *Friends in Council*, for between Helps and Hullah there existed a life-long intimacy. We hear almost nothing of Mendelssohn; and of Spohr, we are simply told that 'he did not play very well.' The simple fact of a dinner with Meyerbeer is recorded; and we also hear of Samuel Rogers and Tom Moore as visitors at Mr Hullah's house. His friend Mr Chorley having reported the discovery of 'a new composer, Gounod by name,' Hullah went to Paris, and reported favourably but cautiously concerning M. Gounod's abilities. 'A great original musical genius,' he writes, 'is such a creation, that one is slow to come to any conclusion.'

Hardly one of the good stories Hullah was constantly picking up has found its way into this volume. Being gifted with elocutionary and dramatic power, he could repeat a story very effectively, and once boasted that he had correctly given a Scottish anecdote involving two distinct dialects.

In 1876, Hullah received the degree of LL.D. from the university of Edinburgh, being presented to the Chancellor by his old friend, Professor Douglas MacLagan. 'It is fitting,' said Professor MacLagan, 'that the university of Edinburgh, which alone of the universities of Scotland, possesses a chair of Music, should show a practical acknowledgment of past musicians by recognising one of the fine arts in the person of this most adequate representative.'

In 1880, Hullah had a stroke of paralysis, which partially disabled his left leg and arm; but after a short rest, his marvellous energy forced him again into active work. Even at the age of seventy, he resented the idea of retirement; and it was not until he had accepted Mr Gladstone's offer of a Civil List pension, that he fully realised that his lifework was over. He died in the midst of his family, at Malvern wells, on the 21st of February 1884.

John Hullah devoted his whole energies to a cause in which he had a profound faith. It was doubtless to typify this devotion that he adopted the witty device and motto which appear on the title-page of Mrs Hullah's book. The ladder

referred to in the motto, 'Per scalam ascendimus,' is of course the musical scale, by means of which Hullah knew he could greatly benefit his fellow-countrymen. With remarkable courage and tenacity he pursued this object, triumphing wonderfully over both apathy and obloquy. His name will probably not be permanently associated with the great work of giving to all British school children a rudimentary musical education on a thoroughly scientific basis; but the principle was fearlessly maintained by him when it had scarcely any other supporter, and all our future efforts must rest on the sound foundation which he laid.

In conclusion, we may add that it is matter of congratulation that the teaching of music in elementary schools is no longer left merely to private enterprise, but now forms a branch of the work done under the auspices of the Education Department. Government encourages musical tuition by a grant of money even to infant schools, 'if the scholars are satisfactorily taught to sing by note'—that is, 'by the standard, or any other recognised, notation.' In this way the culture and the love of music will be sure to enter more than ever into the everyday life of our homes and communities.

THE HERRING-FISHERY AND FISHERMEN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

UNTIL recent years, many curious customs and superstitions prevailed among the fisher-people, and in a year of scarcity it was nothing uncommon to see in the streets of Fraserburgh, Peterhead, or any of the Moray Firth ports, a considerable procession, headed by several representative men, some on horseback, and others on foot, bearing flags and symbols of the trade. The leaders were always comically and fantastically attired; and while some had a number of herrings suspended by the tail from their hat-brims, others had their clothes stuck full of burrs; and all this demonstration was deemed to have sufficient virtue in it to cause the herrings to rise and go into the nets! Up to the time that such exhibitions were common, no class was more superstitious than fishermen, and many practical jokes were perpetrated at their expense. The seafaring classes had a pious horror of hares and swine, and contact with them was held as portending some serious disaster or evil; and if any jocular cooper or fishcurer, anxious at a dull time in the fishing-season to relieve the monotony of their daily life, surreptitiously placed a leg of either of those animals on board a boat, its discovery led to the greatest commotion among the crew, who would not on any account go to sea that night, lest some dreadful accident should befall the craft.

After a period of scarcity, the unexpected arrival of a successful craft in the early forenoon with the report that the fleet had at length met a large shoal of fish and secured heavy takes, spreads like wildfire through the town;

and the excitement manifested by all, from the largest fishcurer to the smallest fisher-boy, is intense. The piers are soon crowded with visitors, interested spectators, and those directly engaged in the trade; and the effect produced by the loud-toned dialect spoken by the local fisherwomen mingling with the distinctive pronunciation of the natives of Fife, Berwickshire, Banff, and Moray, in addition to the highly pitched Gaelic of the Highland girls, is unusually strange. As the boats round the breakwater, they are eagerly scanned by many anxious faces; and on reaching the pier, the crews of those craft that have been fortunate in securing unusually heavy takes receive, in a homely way, the congratulations of their relatives, and form the centre of attraction to all those loungers about the harbour who have nothing particular to do.

One of the first evidences of a successful fishing is the activity of the fisherwomen running hither and thither in hot haste armed with a plentiful supply of food for the bread-winners, which is soon after the boat's arrival put on board, and hastily partaken of ere the hard day's work commences. Before the meal is finished, the carters are waiting at the pier-side; and should all the herrings be shaken out of the nets, the men at once don their oilskins, and placing themselves in a convenient position to fill the baskets in the boat's hold, the work of discharging commences. The skipper stands upon the pier to haul the baskets ashore, an operation in which he is often assisted by his wife, who on many occasions takes the lion's share of the work. After working some time in the hold, the men gradually become covered with the silvery scales of the fish till their clothing assumes the appearances of a coat of mail, in which their stalwart figures and superb physique stand out in striking relief. Should the harvest of the sea be landed in larger quantities than usual, the stir both on the piers and in the curing-yards correspondingly increases; and amid a babel of tongues and uproarious good-humour, the stream of carts loaded with herrings goes on incessantly; while fishcurers, whose heads are almost turned with the pressure of business, rush to and fro issuing orders to their servants and fishermen.

On being brought into the yards, the herrings are emptied into large square wooden boxes called 'forelands,' many of which are under a roof, so that the women who gut the fish may be protected from the heat of the sun or the inclemency of the weather. To those who see them for the first time in a heavy fishing-night, the gutters count one of the sights of the trade; and their persons, as they appear clad in oilskins and besmeared with blood from head to foot, reminds one of an Indian in his war-paint fresh from battle. These women, from a life-long experience, show the greatest dexterity in their work; and the rapidity with which they seize a herring, enter the knife at its gills, remove the gut, and throw the offal into one tub and the fish into another, is one of the features of the business, and, in the eyes of a stranger, appears part of a juggler's education. In the course of an afternoon and evening, one crew of women—comprising two gutters and one packer—will have a good many rows of barrels at

their credit, representing earnings of from ten to twenty shillings. On all occasions when the fishing is heavy, these women are obliged to work at any hour; and as it often happens that the boats are late in arriving, curing operations go on all night, rendering a curing-yard, if not a pretty, an interesting sight. From end to end of the premises are rows of forelands heaped with herrings, whose silvery scales glitter in the light thrown from the blazing naphtha lamps suspended overhead, the rays of which, again, play upon the surface of the water in the harbour in a way that recalls memories of historic cities by sea and lake.

Around the forelands the women ply the knife in a competitive spirit with lightning speed; and while they work, the air is often filled with the strains of popular songs and hymns, interspersed with the Gaelic music of the Highland girls, sung by these toilers to while away the midnight hours. On such a night, a fishing-town has an appearance quite unique. The lurid glare in a murky sky of the many lights burning in the yards, has a very weird effect; while the roll of carts and the shrill cries of the fisher-girls, mixed with the stentorian tones of 'the maister' issuing his orders at dead of night, give a romantic touch to the picture. Often among the gutters are to be found most respectable, educated females, who are tempted by the high remuneration paid to engage in the work, and who, when the fishing is over, assume another character, and may be seen at the Christmas balls in some of the smaller towns as the leaders of fashion. It may be noted here, that after being gutted, packed, and salted, the herrings are allowed to lie in barrels in the curing-yards for some little time. The barrels are then filled up, and otherwise completely cured; and having received the brand of the Fishery Board as a certificate of good quality, they are despatched to Germany and Russia and other centres where herrings form a staple article of food. The salting of herrings has hitherto been the chief method of curing; but recently, boracic acid has been introduced for the same purpose, though how far it will be adopted in practice, is still a question of the future.

One feature of the fishing which presents an unusually pretty and romantic sight may be seen on a dark night towards the end of August. At that time the boats are usually within a mile or two of the shore; and when the gloaming deepens and the nets are shot, the crews prepare to hoist the lights required to be exhibited by law to prevent accidents happening with passing vessels. As darkness sets in, light after light appears, till the sea for a stretch of many miles is transformed into what seems a gaily illuminated city; but instead of the din and bustle associated with such an occasion, not a sound is heard but the gentle ripple of the summer sea, as its wavelets frolic on the sandy beach, or thread their way round the rocks near the old tower. The sight is ever new, and one so pretty and so fascinating, that on every occasion when it is available, the whole community, including those who have been privileged to witness it for a lifetime, eagerly seek the points of vantage where they can best view the fairy-like scene spread out before them.

In mostly all the great herring-fishery ports, the harbours during winter have a most oppressive stillness, and often the trade done for a protracted period would comprise the arrival and sailing of a few colliers and a limited number of windbound ships. In spring, the scene changes, however; and by July, every available inch of water area is appropriated to the use of craft employed in the staple industry; and at times so great is the pressure, that many vessels are obliged to lie in the bay and wait their regular turn before being permitted to enter the harbour. In addition to our own ships, a great many German vessels have been hitherto engaged carrying herrings; but within the last two years, Norwegian steamers, which were employed in the Norwegian herring business before steam was introduced here, have greatly taken up the carrying-trade, to the serious exclusion of the British sailing schooners, which held the trade in their own hands for half a century, and considered it strictly their own. In consequence of the altered aspect of affairs, a strong feeling exists among the old-fashioned mariners, especially the local skippers, against what they consider an unjust usurpation of their exclusive right, and many an aged salt may be heard sighing for the 'good old times.' But in spite of their quarter-deck arguments, which appear as old-fashioned as their craft, steam-carrying power is fast increasing; and it is more than probable that the once smart fleet of schooners, whose employment in the herring-trade was wont to yield the year's dividend to the owners, will soon be practically a thing of the past.

The social aspect of the fishermen engaged in the herring-fishery has undergone a remarkable change within the last quarter of a century; and the noisy, hard-drinking, indigent toilers of the deep have given place to a race of sober, industrious, religiously inclined class of men, who in many instances have amassed and have at their credit in the bank large sums of money. On the north and north-east coasts, thirty or forty years ago, fishermen as a class were reckoned amongst the hardest drinkers of the population, and one curious custom then existing, but which happily disappeared many years ago, was rather a strong proof of the not very enviable character attached to the men in those days. Before finally settling the terms of an agreement with the curer, the skipper always satisfied himself that one important clause was safe, which was to the effect that the curer was bound to supply a gallon and a half of whisky weekly for the exclusive use of the crew while prosecuting the fishing.

As years rolled on, the habits of fishermen gradually improved; and when the temperance movement spread its branches over the land, no class enlisted under its banners more readily, and no section of the community was more enthusiastic or adhered more firmly to the teetotal principles than did this section of the seafaring class. In a remarkably short time the thatched hovels gave place to neat stone and lime cottages; and the fishermen, instead of spending their evenings in the public-house, preferred either to stay at home and mend the nets or join in some temperance or religious movement which often necessitated a walk of

a good many miles to the chief town in the district where these meetings were usually held. The religious tone in most of the villages on the north-east coast and Moray Firth continues marked; and many of those whose conduct a generation ago was a reproach to their village, not only are now in comfortable circumstances, but take an active interest in all local affairs, and can conduct religious meetings in a way that would do credit to those regularly trained for the ministry.

Fishermen are not naturally cosmopolitan in their nature, and take comparatively little interest in matters not directly affecting themselves; but if a trawling agitation is being promulgated, or if a sudden gale deals destruction to fishermen anywhere on the coast, the villagers evince the greatest anxiety to obtain the latest information. War or rumours of war exercise a strong influence on their minds, and the weekly newspapers are anxiously looked for, and the reports on the subject keenly discussed; but stirring questions of national importance seldom or never disturb the equilibrium of village life. A local oracle is here and there met with, and though his learning may not be profound, he has sufficient ability to represent with some degree of intelligence the opinions or wishes of his fellow-villagers at any time that a question affecting their welfare is prominently before the public. Some of these oracles are vain of their learning; and many good stories are in circulation in the fishing districts indicative of their anxiety to air their learning, especially when a big word could be utilised, whether it suited the sense or not. One good example happened in Fraserburgh not many years ago on the occasion of an accidental meeting of a minister and a leading villager. During the fishing season, the minister was visiting in a part of the town where a row of small houses were built on exactly similar lines; and finding it difficult to distinguish his parishioner's house, asked a fisherman—at the moment remarking as to the similarity of the buildings—where the individual whom he wanted resided. The man drew himself up, and with the intention of impressing the minister with his erudition, proffered his services with the following remark: 'Weel, sir, I'm no a bit surprised at your difficulty, for the houses on this street are most unanimous.'

As has been already indicated, fishermen do not trouble themselves with the affairs of state, and the result is that food for conversation limits itself to incidents in their daily life, which, though at times painfully exciting, is oftentimes most uneventful. During the herring-fishing season, when the men often do not see one another from Monday to Saturday, part of Sunday is invariably spent in discussing the results of the previous week's work. 'Between sermons,' three, four, and sometimes half-a-dozen fishermen congregate at a relative's or an acquaintance's lodgings, and having seated themselves, some on chairs, some on chests, and others on nets, and filled their pipes, proceed to narrate their experiences of the past few days; in the course of which, one man describes how, after sailing east-north-east, and putting Mornon Hill down, he shot his nets, and was rewarded with a good take, but got much destruction to netting in

consequence of other boats having shot over his 'fleet'; while another recounts most minutely every night's work from leaving till returning to the harbour, and explains that though they had been upon different grounds, they had failed to meet with any luck, although their neighbour Sandie, who was alongside of them, one night had got seventy crans. In this manner each skipper gives a little history of the week's labours; and the company having exhausted their store of news, take their departure to their respective homes, probably not to meet again till the following Sunday.

MY FIRST PATIENT.

'... AND may I beg you to visit us in your private rather than in your professional capacity? Since my dear wife has been failing thus sadly, she has evinced a great dread of medical men; and were she to guess you other than an ordinary guest, I tremble for the consequences! The carriage will meet you at Blackburne Station at whatever hour you name.—Yours very truly,
ARTHUR CRAWFORD.'

This is an extract from a letter that I received on the 10th of June 1870, and being but a young fellow of twenty-six, I was very much elated thereby. The great drawback to being what is called a specialist is that the generality of people—for what reason, I have never been able to discover—are afraid to employ you until you are well on in years, and consequently this Mrs Crawford for whom my services had been enlisted was my first private patient. My speciality was madness; and tiring equally of hospital-work and of idling in my own rooms, I was heartily thankful for the good luck that had befallen me. In a previous letter, Mr Crawford had given a detailed account of his wife's symptoms; and now all arrangements were completed, and I was due at his Berkshire home on the following day.

When the train steamed into the little country station, I found a carriage and pair ready to meet me. Evidently, to judge by the general get-up of the whole thing, the Crawfords were wealthy folk; and this impression was confirmed when we reached the house, which was standing in the midst of a lovely park. In true country fashion, the hall-doors were standing open, and my host met me on the threshold with outstretched hands.

'This is exceedingly kind of you,' he said genially, 'for I know you have come at your very earliest convenience.—Journey from town pleasant?—Yes? That's right.—James, take Mr Lennox's things to his room. Lunch in the morning-room, hey?—Come along, my dear sir; you must be half famished.' So saying, he preceded me down a long corridor, whence I caught distant glimpses of a beautiful garden at the back of the house, and into a snug little room where luncheon was laid. While I discussed a cold chicken, Mr Crawford went on chatting; and ere I went to my room for a wash and brush up before presenting myself to his wife, we were excellent friends. I do not think I ever met a man who so much charmed me at first sight; nay, he more than charmed, he captivated me. He was about thirty, and exceedingly handsome,

with fair curly hair, and bright blue eyes. He had a bronzed complexion, and a hearty laugh, and was altogether a most attractive specimen of a young Englishman. When I had finished luncheon, his manner changed abruptly as he began speaking of his young wife.

'I did not like to enter upon the subject before you were rested,' he began courteously; 'but I am intensely anxious you should see her. For some months past she has been suffering from intense melancholia, and lately she has taken a deep distrust of those around her, more particularly of me.' He stopped abruptly and bit his lip. 'Doctor, I simply worship her,' he went on passionately. 'When I married her five years ago, she was the blithest, merriest girl in all the shire; and now, to see her like this—why, it breaks my heart!' and he dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

There was an awkward pause, for in those days I was too inexperienced to be much of a hand at consolation, and then I stepped nearer to him and laid my hand upon his shoulder. 'Come, come,' I said cheerily, 'there is no need to despair like this. We must hope for the best. How does she show her distrust of you?'

He raised his head to answer me. 'By keeping the boy from me, for one thing. She will hardly let me touch him.'

'The boy? A son of yours?'

'Our only child,' he answered—'a dear little fellow of nearly four; and she betrays a terrible fear whenever I have him with me.'

'Does she eat well?'

'Hardly at all.'

'Sleep at night?'

He shook his head; and then followed a string of various professional questions. Our conversation at an end, I requested to be shown to my room, promising to be in the drawing-room for five o'clock tea, when I should be introduced to Mrs Crawford.

'As Mr Lennox, if you please,' suggested her husband as we crossed the hall. 'You remember that I asked you to drop the doctor, and seem an ordinary visitor?'

Of course I agreed; and then he told me he had spoken to her of me as an old college friend; and finally he left me to myself.

When I descended to the drawing-room, I found both Crawford and his wife waiting for me. He was standing by the open window playing with the climbing roses that were nodding by its sill: he was talking merrily as I entered, and looked the personification of life and good spirits. A girl was standing by the mantel-shelf with her back towards me, and I had barely time to admire the slight figure and graceful pose, before Crawford's voice rang out in hearty cordiality.

'Ah! there you are at last! Let me introduce you to my wife.—Beatrice, this is Mr John Lennox.'

She had half turned when he began speaking; but as he said my name, she gave a sudden gasp and confronted me with large startled eyes. I have seen the eyes of a snared bird and those of a hunted stag, but I have never seen such a look of piteous fear as dwelt in hers then. For one moment she seemed half mad with terror; but the next it fled as quickly as it came, and

she held out her hand in greeting. As she did so, an ugly scar on the smooth white wrist caught my eye. It looked to me like an unskilful but intentional cut from a knife, and while we were exchanging commonplaces as to my journey, &c., I was wondering as to whether she had ever attempted her own life. She was in the first flush of her womanhood; and her glorious blue eyes and coil of auburn hair would alone have sufficed to stamp her as a beautiful woman, had it not been that the curious expression of her face outweighed every other fascination. She gave me the impression of being literally consumed by a terrible dread, to the nature of which I of course as yet held no clue; and with this dread, an equally strong desire to suppress all outward indication of it. Add to this, the fact that her face was entirely colourless, and that the hand she had given me, in spite of the June sunshine, was as cold as ice, and it will be seen that my first case promised to be full of interest.

She poured out the tea silently, while her husband and I went on chatting, and she did not speak again until he proposed to ring the nursery bell.

'We have not seen Bertie all day,' he added, 'and I know you would like to show him off to Lennox.'

'He is having his tea,' she rejoined quickly. 'Show him off in the morning, Arthur; I don't think we want him now.'

'O fie! There is an unkind mamma! I wonder what Bertie would say to you? He can finish his tea here, dear. I'll fetch him.'

'No, no; I'll go.' She ran out of the room as she spoke; and Crawford turned to me with a weary-looking smile.

'You see, Lennox? I generally give way; but I am afraid of it growing upon her, if I never see the child. He is such a splendid fellow!' As he spoke, his wife returned with the boy in her arms.

'I met him in the hall,' she explained; 'he was just coming in from his walk.—No, Arthur, don't take him: he is not at all heavy.' This last to her husband, who had advanced with outstretched hands. 'Look here, Bertie, darling. Who likes cake?' She seated herself on a low chair, still keeping a jealous arm around the child, and went on talking, this time to me. 'Arthur and I quarrel over this small boy.' She laughed a little, but it sounded very mirthless. 'The last cause of dissension is his health. I think he is growing delicate and wants change, and papa doesn't agree. Does he, my beauty?'

The boy laughed as she held him yet more closely to her; and looking at his rosy cheeks and bright eyes, it seemed to me that there could not be a healthier youngster.

'I am afraid I must take papa's side,' I said. 'You must not alarm yourself unnecessarily, dear Mrs Crawford, for I think'—I stopped abruptly, alarmed by the expression on her face. I was new at my work, be it remembered; but I think that older men than I would have been frightened. Bertie had rebelled against the detaining arm; and sliding on to the floor, had run to his father and climbed into his arms.

A fine game of romps now ensued, and the mother sat and watched them. Sitting there facing her, I, too, was watching. In my student

days, I had kept a tame lizard, and by whistling to it, had been able to direct its movements at will, and now I was reminded of my whilom pet by watching Beatrice Crawford's eyes. Every motion of her husband's, as he ran round the room tossing the laughing boy in his arms, appeared to hold a fascination for her, and her gaze never left him but once. That once was when she walked swiftly to a further table and possessed herself of a paper-knife, which she handed to me, commenting on its curious make. It was of steel and sharply pointed; and I handed it back again with the remark, that it would make a nasty weapon if needed. She took it without glancing at me again; but her husband had caught her words, and now came up to us breathless and laughing, with Bertie clinging round his neck.

'Don't hold that thing, my darling,' he said tenderly. 'I hate to see such an ugly knife in your dear little hands.'

'Give it to Bertie, mamma,' cried the child, stretching dimpled hands for the coveted treasure; and his father, with an injunction to be careful, was taking it from her to give to him, when, with a muffled cry, she snatched the knife back and dashed it through the open window into the garden beyond.

'You shan't have it!—you shan't have it!' she cried excitedly, while a bright red spot burned on either cheek. 'You would'—With marvellous self-control, she stopped dead short; and after an almost imperceptible pause, she added in her usual quiet tones: 'Pray, forgive me, Arthur; I am so afraid of Bertie hurting himself.—Go up to the nursery, dear. Mamma will come to you.'

Awe-struck at her late passion, the child went gently out of the room, and his mother following him, I was left alone with Crawford. It went to my heart to see the pained, drawn look on his face; but the scene had at all events put one thing beyond a doubt: Mrs Crawford was not merely failing in brain-power—she was mad.

A couple of days went by, and I became fairly puzzled. All the ordinary verbal tests when applied to my patient proved complete failures. Her memory was excellent, and indeed in this respect she was far better than her husband, who was constantly forgetting things. As to her judgment, it struck me as above the average, for she was a widely-read woman, and we had a stiff argument one night as to the merits of our favourite authors. She managed her own housekeeping, and capably she did it too; and, in fact—not to exhaust the reader's patience by entering into details—the only visible outcome of her mental aberration was this extreme terror in which she lived, and for which I could find no reason. (I may remark parenthetically that the mad undoubtedly have rules of their own by which they are influenced. Experience thus teaching me that Mrs Crawford had some reason for this, to us, inexplicable dread—even though it might be but a fear of her own shadow—it became my business to solve this reason.) What baffled me most was the fact that while it was Crawford himself who primarily excited this terror, she was undeniably fond of him. Indeed, the word 'fond' is

hardly suitable, for she simply adored him. I never heard him express the slightest wish as to the household arrangements but it was instantly fulfilled; while every whim—and he was the most whimsical of men—was implicitly obeyed. In fact, at the end of a week I was precisely in the same state as when I first entered the house. But that my *amour propre* was piqued, and I felt angry at my non-success, I should have been paying a very enjoyable visit. Arthur Crawford made a capital host; and although, as I have already said, he was a very whimsical man, and was subject to unaccountable fits of depression, he and I got on excellently together.

At the end of the week, something happened which had the double effect of lowering me several inches in my own estimation, and of placing matters in a totally different light. It was an exceedingly hot night; and after we had all gone to bed, I was tempted to leave my room, and seating myself by the open window in the corridor, to indulge in an extra cigar. The fact that it was a fine moonlight night, and that while the corridor window boasted a lovely view, that of my own room looked into the stables, amply justified my choice of a seat. I had been there for perhaps an hour, when I heard the Crawfords talking in their room, which was on a level with my own. The tones were excited and eager; and fearing that Mrs Crawford might be lashing herself into a fury, and that her husband might be ignorantly increasing it, I stole down to their door and stood listening.

'Arthur, dear, give it to me. You don't want it to-night. Why not wait until the morning?'

These were the first words that I caught spoken in Mrs Crawford's usually gentle tones.

'Give it to you?—No; not I! I know a trick worth two of that. Ah, you think I don't know that you and that confounded mealy-mouthed doctor are in league against me.'

Crawford's voice, shrill and mocking, but undoubtedly his. Good heavens! was the man drunk? There was a moment's pause, and then he began again, this time more gently.

'Come, come, Beatrice. Drop this stupid joking. I only want to have a little cut at Bertie, just a little cut; and look! the knife is so bright and sharp, it cannot hurt him much.'

The wall seemed to reel around me as I leaned against it for support. In a flash of revelation that nearly blinded me, as I realised the full horror of the situation, I understood for the first time how matters actually stood. Crawford himself was the madman, and the devoted wife, whom I had been taught to look upon as insane, had known the truth all this time; and knowing it, for some inscrutable woman's reason, had shielded him, perhaps at the cost of her very life. In a moment the meaning of his many whims, his loss of memory, his fits of depression, were made clear to me; and as I thought of the martyrdom through which his girl-wife had passed, I cursed myself for the readiness with which I had been duped.

While these thoughts were rushing through my brain, I had noiselessly opened the outer

door, and now stood in the dressing-room, peering into the bedroom beyond. The door between the two was standing open; but a heavy curtain hung in the aperture, and by making a little slit in it by means of my penknife, I was enabled to command a view of the interior. At the farther end of the apartment lay Bertie asleep in his cot. Standing before him, clad in a long white wrapper, and with her auburn hair flowing over her shoulders, was the young mother herself; while at some paces from her stood Crawford, still in evening dress, and balancing in his fingers a long glittering dagger, that I recognised as one that usually hung in the library below. By this time he had dropped his angry tones, and was speaking in his accustomed pleasant fashion. 'You know, dear,' he was saying, 'it really is necessary that we both drink some. Half a glassful of young and innocent blood, and we both shall keep young and happy for ever.'

'Won't my blood do?' asked the girl desperately. She stretched her bare arms towards him and forced a smile to her poor quivering lips. 'You are much fonder of me, aren't you, dear? I shall do much better.'

He laughed softly. 'No, no, my darling; not you. I wouldn't hurt you for all the gold of all the Indies.' He stopped suddenly, as if struck by his own words. 'Gold?' he repeated. 'Ah! yes, of course, I must have gold. Where did I put it now?'

He retreated a few steps, looking uneasily from side to side.

'Perhaps you left it in the library.—Ring for James. Or go to Mr Lennox, Arthur; he will help you to find it.'

He laughed again—a low monotonous laugh, to which my hospital-work had but too well accustomed me, and then he moved nearer her, still balancing the dagger in his long nervous fingers. That terrible knife! If he had only put it down for a moment, I could have rushed in and secured it before turning to him; but as matters were, cruel experience taught me that the instant he caught sight of me, he would rush to the child, to carry his dreadful purpose into effect, and that the mother in all probability would fall the victim. On the other hand, I dared not quit my post to summon assistance, and so leave Beatrice entirely at his mercy. I glanced round the dressing-room, and the window-cord caught my eye. It was new and strong. I cut it as high as I could reach, and crept back to my hole at the curtain. Crawford was growing rapidly angry.

'Give me that boy!' he cried roughly. 'Get out of the way, Beatrice, and let me have him;' and he caught her by the arm and dragged her from the cot.

'Arthur, Arthur! husband, sweetheart!' She clasped both arms around his neck, and raised imploring eyes to his; but the sight of the thin white face only moved him to greater wrath.

'It is all your fault I have not made you strong long ago,' he exclaimed irritably. 'You never laugh now, and you can't sing, and you won't dance.'

'Dance? O yes, I can. Look, Arthur!' She drew rapidly back towards the cot, speaking in

her ordinary quiet voice. 'You shall do what you like with Bertie; I was only joking. Only we must have our dance first, you know.'

With a sudden movement, she stooped and lifted the sleeping child from the bed, talking all the time in an arch merry voice, that still retained its old power over the poor madman. He nodded approvingly as she began rocking to and fro with the boy in her arms, and he moved a chair or two, to give her more space.

'Dance, Beatrice!' and he began whistling a then fashionable valse, beating time to the air with the dagger, of which he never relinquished his hold.

'Very well,' she responded cheerily. 'Stand by the mantel-piece and give us plenty of room. Now, then, my baby boy; one, two, and off we go.'

My life has shown me instances of self-devotion in plenty; I have seen proofs of ready wit, and more of indomitable pluck; but I have never seen them so marvellously combined as on that terrible June night. Instinct taught me what she meant to do. She had persuaded her husband to stand at the end of the room farthest from the curtain that hid her one means of escape, and now she intended to hazard her only chance, dash through it, lock the door on the other side, and then go for help. Backwards and forwards, round and round, she circled, a weird enough figure in her white draperies. The little white feet were bare, and it taxed her utmost strength to hold the heavy boy in her arms; but with a sublime heroism of which I should never have believed her capable, she never once paused for breath. A miracle alone kept the child asleep; but when I saw the poor mother's lips move dumbly between the snatches of the gay valse she was humming, I felt that she was praying God he might not waken. Nearer and nearer the curtain she came; but, to my horror, I perceived that Crawford was growing uneasy and advancing slowly in the rear.

'Mrs Crawford! Quick!'

There was not a minute to be lost. I tore the curtain aside, and she rushed towards me; but ere I could fasten the heavy door, her husband was upon us. With a yell of baffled rage, he was tearing after her through the open doorway, and in another moment would have reached her with uplifted knife, when I tripped him up, and he fell headlong to the floor. He was stunned by his fall; and while I fastened his hands and feet by means of the cut window-cord, his wife went back to the inner room and rang loudly for assistance.

Ere he came to himself, Arthur Crawford was safely secured in my own room. Leaving him there under charge of the men-servants, I went back to seek Mrs Crawford. She was lying on the bedroom floor with her nervous fingers still tightly interlaced, and by her side sat her little son, warm and rosy from his broken sleep. He was kissing the paling lips as I came hastily into the room, and now held up a warning finger as I knelt beside them.

'Poor mamma is fast asleep,' he whispered. 'And she is so cold!'

She was not dead. The long and frightful mental strain through which she had passed

brought on brain-fever, and for some days we despaired of her life; but she came through it bravely; and ere the summer waned, I had the satisfaction of installing both mother and son in a seaside cottage, far enough away from her Berkshire home.

Crawford, poor fellow, only lived a few months, for a dangerous fall in the asylum grounds put a merciful termination to his confinement. During those few months, I visited him occasionally, and he always spoke most tenderly of his wife, whom he imagined to be dead.

When he died, I went to break the news to his young widow; and while staying in her pretty Devonshire cottage, I solved much that had puzzled me. Her terror at my first introduction to her had been occasioned by the fact that she had at once recognised me as Lennox the mad doctor. I had been pointed out to her in the park the season before. She dreaded Arthur's incipient madness being known to any one; for she had a blind terror of a lunatic asylum in connection with her idolised husband, and hoped that a quiet country life, free from trouble and contradiction, might in time restore him. But had he never broken out before? I asked, for it seemed to me incomprehensible that so slight a frame should be capable of such courage. Once, she said, only once, and then he had been bent on killing himself. In struggling with him for the possession of the knife, he had accidentally cut her wrist, and so occasioned the ugly scar that disfigured it. As for Bertie's presence on that fatal night, she told me he had always been accustomed to sleep in their room; and as I had refused to second her theory that the child wanted change of air, and so aid in sending him out of the house, she could devise no other means of getting rid of him.

And then I took my leave; and I have never seen Mrs Crawford from that day to this; but still, in spite of a certain pair of sweet brown eyes which make the sunshine of my home, I am forced to admit that there is no woman on earth for whom I have such a boundless admiration as for that unfortunate lady of whom I at one time thought as my First Patient.

FYVIE CASTLE.

GREAT are the vicissitudes of landed property in these modern times. Estates of more than local name are constantly being placed in the market, and even manors and castles of national interest are occasionally brought to the auctioneer's hammer. Old families are dying out or becoming embarrassed, and many of 'the stately homes of England'—often associated with legendary lore and the history of centuries—have to be handed over to the highest bidder. We are not here concerned with the political or economical aspect of this transference of landed property; but even the most utilitarian will admit that there is something melancholy in seeing a fine old historic mansion advertised for sale, or a family divorced from an estate with which it

may have been connected for generations. On the other hand, nothing, we should fancy, would be more tempting to the new class of rich men desirous of acquiring landed possessions than the chance of securing some old family seat, of quaint architectural design, and crowded with memories of the past. A splendid chance of this kind was offered some time ago in the proposed sale of Fyvie Castle, in Aberdeenshire, along with the adjoining estate; but no sale was effected. This castle may be said to be complete in its way. It possesses dungeons, a 'murder-hole,' and a secret, inaccessible chamber, with, of course, a dreadful threat hanging over the head of him who first enters it; a 'Green Lady' is said to occasionally walk up and down its main staircase; a 'dripping stone' is one of its curiosities; a family history is associated with each of its four towers; it figures prominently in a well-known local ballad; and Thomas the Rhymer even delivered himself of a prophecy concerning it. Yet, withal, it is a comfortable and commodious mansion, pleasantly situated, with park, lake, river, and shootings attached. What more could one wish for in a castle?

The traveller from Aberdeen to Banff by railway may catch a glimpse of Fyvie Castle to his right when he has accomplished about three-fourths of his journey. He will only see its turret-tops, however, for the castle stands in a well-wooded hollow—familiarily known in the Aberdeenshire dialect as 'the howe o' Fyvie'—encircled by low, undulating hills and stretches of highly cultivated land. The castle occupies two sides of a square, and is a high and narrow structure of the old Scotch baronial type, which would be designated plain were it not for its numerous turrets and dormer windows, surmounted with carved canopies and statuary. It has something of the appearance of a French chateau, and it has indeed been cited by John Hill Burton in his *Scot Abroad* as one of the finest specimens of how the chateau architecture of France was superimposed upon the original grim square block of a Scotch baronial mansion. The chief front is to the south, and is formed by the union of three tall towers, built by and called after three successive families who, at one time or other, have been owners of Fyvie. Of these three towers, the most noticeable is the central one, the Seton Tower, named after a member of the Seton family, to whose French upbringing and architectural tastes the general design of the building is attributed. It is curiously recessed, two semi-round twin towers being united by an arch above the fourth story. In the recess thus formed, which is rendered striking by its great height and width, is the former grand entrance, leading into a low, vaulted passage, the doorway being defended by a ponderous iron grating bolted into the massive walls. The west side, terminating in a corresponding tower at the north end, is of more modern construction, but is in perfect harmony with the front. The main architectural feature of the castle, however, is, as already hinted, its many bartizan turrets and dormer windows and high-pitched gables, the turrets being surmounted with stone figures, and the dormer windows with carved canopies. A good view of this portion of the structure is given in Billings's *Baronial*

and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland, the castle being there described (again by Hill Burton, who furnished the letterpress to Billings's engravings) as 'one of the noblest and most beautiful specimens of the rich architecture which the Scottish barons of the days of King James VI. obtained from France. Its three princely towers, with their luxuriant coronet of coned turrets, sharp gables, tall roofs and chimneys, canopied dormer windows, and rude statuary, present a sky outline at once graceful, rich, and massive, and in these qualities exceeding even the far-famed Glamis.' The interior of the building is in keeping with the exterior, and abounds in narrow passages, winding staircases, and small rooms; though there are apartments the size and elegance of which could hardly be predicated from a mere survey of the outside of the castle. For such an old place, the light and airiness of the rooms are something remarkable; while the views across the park and policies that are obtained from the windows are charming and charmingly diversified. But the main attraction is a grand stone staircase of unique design, said to be without an equal, or even a rival, in Scotland. It is best described as 'revolving in corkscrew fashion round a massive central pillar, the skill of the architect being chiefly shown in the turns and windings of the ribbed and vaulted roof, with its arches springing occasionally out of carved capitals in the walls.' The steps are of great breadth, and are so gently graduated, that it is easy to accept a tradition to the effect that the horse of one of the lairds used to ascend them.

The stone figures on the tops of the turrets, wrought in the red sandstone that lends colour to the canopies and other ornamentations, are somewhat diminutive, and, with one exception, have lost their personality, if they ever had any. This exceptional figure is said to represent Andrew Lammie, 'the trumpeter of Fyvie,' immortalised in a well-known Aberdeenshire ballad, *Mill o' Tifty's Annie*. The miller's daughter fell in love with the trumpeter, and was done to death by her family in consequence, the tragedy being completed by the pining away of the trumpeter. We quote the concluding verses of this truly pathetic ballad:

'Fyvie lands lie braid and wide,
And oh, but they be bonny!
But I wadna gie my ain true-love,
For a' the lands in Fyvie!

'But mak my bed, and lay me down,
And turn my face to Fyvie,
That I may see, before I die,
My bonny Andrew Lammie!

They made her bed, and laid her down,
And turned her face to Fyvie;
She gave a groan, and died or morn—
She ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.

The laird o' Fyvie he went hame,
And he was sad and sorry;
Says, 'The bonniest lass o' the country-side
Has died for Andrew Lammie.'

Oh, Andrew's gane to the house-top
O' the bonny house o' Fyvie;
He's blawn his horn baith loud and shrill
O'er the lowland leas o' Fyvie.

'Mony a time hae I walked a' night,
And never yet was weary;
But now I may walk wae my lane,
For I'll never see my dearie.

'Love pines away, love dwines away,
Love—love decays the body;
For the love o' thee, now I maun dee;
I come, my bonny Annie!'

Mill of Tifty is still 'to the fore,' and the effigy of the trumpeter points his trumpet in its direction; and the ballad seems to have some truth in it, for the tombstone of the unfortunate Annie—her real name was Agnes Smith—was till recently in Fyvie kirkyard, being now replaced by a handsome monument; and documents show that her father was owner of the mill in 1672.

The castle as it now stands—there is supposed to have been an older castle or keep—is believed to date from about 1397, the oldest tower extant having been built by Sir Henry Preston—of the family of Preston of Craigmillar—who fought at Otterburn, and who acquired the estate from Sir James de Lindsay, 'Dominus de Crawford et Buchan.' From the Prestons, the estate passed by marriage into a family called Meldrum; but the family most associated with the castle is the family named after it. In 1596, Fyvie was purchased from the Meldrums by Alexander Seton, third son of George, sixth Lord Seton, and brother of the first Earl of Winton. This Alexander Seton was first created Lord Fyvie, and then Earl of Dunfermline—the former title being apparently used by the family in the north. He was a lawyer-statesman of great ability and influence, and a favourite councillor of James I's. He held a number of state and judicial offices, being successively President of the Court of Session and Lord Chancellor of Scotland; and he was the King's Commissioner to the Scotch parliament of 1612, which rescinded the Act of 1592 establishing the Presbyterian system of church government. The second Lord Fyvie took a prominent part, under Montrose, in the operations against the Covenanters, and afterwards lived abroad with Charles II., and shared in the honours distributed at the restoration of the Merry Monarch. The fourth and last peer fought at Killiecrankie on the royalist side, was outlawed, and died at St Germain. The estate, which had been forfeited to the Crown, was sold in 1726 to William, second Earl of Aberdeen, who settled it on his eldest son by his third wife, Lady Anne Gordon, sister of Lord Lewis Gordon—the 'Lewie Gordon' of the Jacobite ballad; and it has since descended through members of junior branches of the Gordon (Aberdeen) family. Its present proprietor is Sir Maurice Duff-Gordon, son of Lady Duff-Gordon, whose pleasant *Letters from Egypt* have not yet escaped memory.

It will thus be seen that a considerable historic interest attaches to the castle that was so recently in the market. The domain of Fyvie, indeed, is said to have been a royal chase at one time; and some would even have it that in the reign of Robert the Bruce it was a royal residence, and was visited in 1296 by Edward I. on his progress through the north of Scotland. There is a 'Queen Mary Room' in the castle, and some good specimens of the furniture of

Mary's period, though it is doubtful if Mary herself ever occupied the room. The great Marquis of Montrose, who certainly encamped once in the neighbourhood of the castle, is reported to have spent a night under its roof; and a century later, the Duke of Cumberland marched through the policies of Fyvie on his way to Culloden.

Turning from the historical to the legendary, we have a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer's respecting Fyvie:

Fyvis riggs and towers,
Hapless shall your mesdames be,
When ye shall hae within your methes,
Frae harryit kirk's land, stanes three—
Ane in Preston's tower;
Ane in my lady's bower;
And ane below the water-yett,
And it ye shall never get.

Two of these stones have been found in their respective places, but the third one remains true to the seer's prediction. One of the weird stones is carefully kept, and is known as the 'dripping stone,' as at times it exudes a large quantity of moisture, often sufficient to fill a large basin with water. Singular to say, nothing is known of a 'water-yett,' or of there having been one; while the alleged raid on Church property is equally a mystery; and though the hapless fate of the ladies of Fyvie is not specified, it is a curious circumstance that no heir has been born in Fyvie Castle for several generations. But whatever the prophecy may portend, it completes the charm of a castle which possesses much to delight both the lover of the picturesque and the worshipper of the past.

BIRD NOTES.

Six poplar trees, in golden green,
Stand up the sweet May snow between—
The snow of plum and pear tree bloom—
And I, looking down from my little room,
Call to the bird on the bough: 'What cheer?'
And he pipes for answer: 'The spring is here.'

A month goes by with its sun and rain,
And a rosebud taps at my window pane;
I see in the garden down below
The tall white lilies a stately row;
The birds are pecking the cherries red:
'Summer is sweet,' the starlings said.

Again I look from my casement down;
The leaves are changing to red and brown;
And overhead, through a sky of gray,
The swallows are flying far away.
'Whither away, sweet birds?' I cry.
'Autumn is come,' they make reply.

Keenly, coldly, the north winds blow;
Silently falls the pure white snow;
Of birds and blossoms am I bereft—
Brave bright robin alone is left,
And he taps and chirps at my window pane:
'Take heart; the spring will return again.'

FLORENCE TYLER.

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